

POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

SCOTS AND ENGLISH.

BY

ALEXANDER HEWIT.

Ill' fated Gauls, where's now your mighty boast,
Of glorious conquests, on Fair Hibernia's coast?
Go back to France, ye wretches who remain;
And to your proud Directory complain, &c.
Poem—BANTRY BAY, Page 4.

BERWICK:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY W. PHORSON.

1798.

18494.



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POEM. I.

BANTRY BAY.

BEHOLD! the marshal heroes who advance,
Big with their conquests, and the pride of France;
Assur'd of success, IRELAND they'll devour,
And make all nations subject to their pow'r.

Like some impetuous flood, whose swelling tide,
Rise from its banks, and over mountains glide,
With furious surge, thro' lands without respect;
Sweeping the strength of kingdoms in its wreck.

Rushing, regardless, over hill and plain,
Gathering in whirling caves the num'rous slain,
Which mocks the faint efforts of human aid,
While towers and spires are low in ruins laid.

Lament, ye children of the trembling land,
And mourn your dismal fate so near at hand;
O'er ruins, and desolated wastes, complain,
Rivers of blood, and mountains of the slain.

The sons of Gaul, with garments dy'd in blood,
Swarin on the land, and on the mighty flood,
Like crowds of locusts from some eastern shore,
Devouring all, and still in quest of more.

The fates in Italy their ambition crown,
And make them look on conquest as their own;
Proud in their numbers, they all Europe dare,
And think themselves sole masters of the war.

The trump of fame with more than common sound,
By their own boasting spread their deeds around;
O! who can well their heroic acts portray,
And sing their praise from France to Bantry Bay.

With tow'ring hopes, behold them spread their sails,
 And like true patriot saints invoke the gales,
 To bear them to the fam'd Hibernian coast,
 In hopes to land their great advent'rous host.

While some begin to count a wish'd for prize,
 Lifting their expectations to the skies,
 Great Neptune frowns, and curling billows roar,
 Dashing its furious surges to the shore.

Black clouds arise, their flatt'ring prospects fail,
 And dismal tempests frown in every gale;
 While trembling terror seize the advent'rous crew,
 And death, in all his horrors, rise in view.

Their fleet dispers'd on high mountainous waves,
 And numbers in the billows make their graves,
 And those who thirsted for Hibernian blood,
 Now meet their fate in the relentless flood.

Ill fated Gauls, where is your mighty boast;
 Of glorious conquests, on Fair Hibernia's coast?
 Go back to France, ye wretches who remain;
 And to your proud Directory complain:

To them, I say, your hapless fate bewail;
 And to your country tell the fatal tale:
 With them in rage, your fattest frogs devour,
 And own your loss to the superior power.

Let not ambition prompt you to betray,
 Your lives and safety—as at *Bantry Bay*;
 With lofty castles, tow'ring in the air,
 First rear'd by hope, then sunk in black despair.

Ner need you vainly hope that sanguine Mar,
 Will in your favour terminate the war;
 The wheel of fortune yet may backward turn,
 Your hopes all frustrate, and leave you to mourn.

What whimsies fill your true Don Quixote pates,
 The fall of kingdoms, and the ruin of states;
 As if all Europe, was obliged to fall,
 An easy conquest to aspiring Gaul.

And do your fancies paint the fall of crowns,
The spoil of empires, garrisons, and towns ;
Foreign invasion easy to obtain,
And hosts at your approach desert the plain.

No opposition you may think to find,
But every thing go equal to your mind ;
See what romantic scenes of wealth appear,
There ly great treasures, arms, provisions here.

See your bold warriors crown'd with laurel bays,
And woods and rocks resounding with your praise ;
O Gaul ! shall Europe, tremble at your nod,
Shall kingly pow'r beneath your feet be trod ?

And will you rule all nations as you please ?
Lords of the land, and master's of the seas ;
Shall Britain's isle beneath your footstool bow,
And shall her heroes yield, O Gaul, to you ?

Mistaken mortals, Briton's sons are free,
Strong on the land, and mighty on the sea ;
Govern'd by the best of kings, they'll stand,
Firm in defence of government and land.

Like our ancestors in the days yore,
Who seal'd their country's freedom with their gore ;
Withstood the mighty force of boasting Rome,
Who threaten'd on our land impending doom.

Yet like bold Hectors, they their strength withstood,
And laid those boasters welt'ring in their blood ;
And shall proud Gaul presume to brave the tide,
Of British valour, and triumphant ride.

O'er helpless nations shall they bear the sway,
And tear the glory of our land away ?
No, still may Briton's sons their rights maintain,
Free in their land and masters of the main.

POEM II.

ADDRESSED TO THE FROGS,

IN THE SCOTCH DIALECT.

LAMENT, ye paddocks, grane and mourn,
 An' hide your heads in some black burn;
 For ye maun suffer in your turn—

Poor harmless things;
 Your eaters maws already burn,
 To clip your wings.

They're coming o'er on planks o' wood,
 To len' our countrymen a thud,
 An' nip their commerce by the bud—

An' paddocks eat;
 For Monfieurs turn'd as black's a hood,
 For want o' meat.

Tho' their strong planks shou'd turn to staves,
 An' drown them a' aneath the waves,
 They maun obey, when hunger craves—
 Tho' meat to haddock;

They're grienin' fair for English laives,
 An' good fresh paddocks.

Poor starving wretches, let them come,
 If they're sae bald as show their bum,
 They'll find us neither deaf nor dumb,
 And stead o' bread—

They'll ha'e a chance to get a crumb,
 O' good hard lead.

POEM III.

THE MISER AND PRIEST.

MY gold, my gold, the miser cries,
 Thou art the comfort of my eyes,
 My joy, my love, my hearts delight,
 My care, my object, day and night.

Could I but keep you from all danger,
 From sneaking friends, or thieving stranger,
 Which every night my mind molest,
 That I can neither sleep nor rest.
 O were my doors of iron made,
 That never would decay nor fade,
 So thick and strong, that none could break,
 I would contrive it for your sake.
 But ah! I fear, this vain pretence,
 Would border too much on expence,
 And break my heart through perfect grief,
 Then wou'd I die without relief.
 But I'm resolved, while life remains,
 To guard you, tho' with heartfelt pains,
 While Gripus this creation made.
 A cunning but a subtle maid,
 Crept, unperceiv'd, throw his dark cell,
 To where his darling gold did dwell,
 Snatch'd up a bag, with utmost speed,
 And left a cushion in its stead.
 Away she went out of the cellar,
 Least Gripus hearing her should fell her;
 But ah! the miser on a day,
 Thought fit his coffers to survey,
 Found out the cheat, then gave a roar,
 The cushion with his teeth he tore;
 So mad he grew, that in a rage,
 The first he met he did engage;
 Which was by chance a papist priest,
 Was no ways pleas'd at the jest,
 Sprung from his horse, took up a slate,
 It threw, and broke the miser's pate.
 Some time he lay, quite senseless, bleeding,
 The priest demure, the worst was dreading,
 Till pitchy-finger'd Nan came out,
 Right glad; and eas'd the Pater's doubt.
 Say'd she, my reverent worthy Pater,
 Be no ways troubled at the matter;
 My master's dying, I can see,
 His gold will serve both you and me;
 So let us kill him, cried the jilt,
 As you can well absolve the guilt,

The priest he lov'd the motion well,
 So drag'd old Gripus to his cell,
 Then him upon his bed they cast,
 And pray'd that he might breathe his last.
 But to their grief and great surprize,
 He at the last lift up his eyes,
 Beheld, as round his eyes he roll'd,
 The priest and Nan among his gold,
 What do you mean? the miser cries,
 To take my gold before my eyes,
 No, said the priest—old Gripus hold,
 I only take a piece of gold,
 As a reward—I now begin,
 Here to absolve you from your sin.
 My sin,—cried Gripus, let alone,
 Give me my gold, and straight begone,
 Out of my cellar flee with speed,
 And leave my darlings in your stead
 I would not give my gold away,
 For all that such as you can say,
 About absolving sin and such,
 Leave me my gold, or dread my crutch.
 No, said the priest, your crutch lay by,
 And quick prepare yourself to die;
 For by my mitre, and the pope,
 To your vile life I'll put a stop.
 This draught prepar'd, you must receive,
 Which will reduce you to your grave;
 And send you down among the dead,
 Where you your gold no more will need:
 Therefore prepare, without delay,
 For here you shall no longer stay,
 Old Gripus at this dread command,
 Sprung up, and took his crutch in hand,
 Nan brought the gold, and laid it down,
 And cried, old Gripus, take your own,
 If you are able, for I swear,
 We shall dispute the matter here.
 The priest and Gripus, both enrag'd,
 With utmost fury soon engag'd,
 While rap for rap, fell on each pate,
 And long they struggled in debate;

But pitchy Nan did seize the spoil,
 And reap'd the fruits of all their toil.
 With hasty steps away she left them,
 And of their object so bereft them ;
 For tho' they search'd round and round,
 A farthing piece could not be found ;
 With grief they ended their debates,
 And so condol'd their bleeding pates,
 That they should be besotted so,
 By one who was to both a foe,
 Who first enticed them to brawl,
 Then slyly stole away their all.
 But Gripus from his pillow rest,
 A darling peace—'twas all was left,
 Which he first kiss'd, then gave a roar,
 I have not now one farthing more,
 Thou art the darling of my heart,
 Loath, loath am I, that we should part.
 O darling peace, thou art the last,
 Of my great bags, and coffers vast,
 I'll lock thee to my beating heart,
 While life remains we shall not part,
 Thou art my all, my all he cried,
 Then swallow'd it, and gasp'd and died.
 The priest enrag'd to see the deed,
 Arose, and shook the miser's head,
 With such a force, that at the last,
 The piece upon the ground he cast.
 Eager he seiz'd the glittering prize,
 Thou art my own,—my own, he cries.

POEM IV.

THE DRUNKARD REFORMED.

WHEN in my cups I us'd to rant and roar,
 Ne'er wish'd to part, but drank, and call'd for
 Till all my money spent, and credit gone, [more ;
 I found, too late, I pitied was by none.

One day I to a jolly Landlord went,
 With whom I often all my money spent ;
 Said I, my friend, I hope you will be willing,
 To lend me in my strait a single shilling ;
 For I on drink have spent my very all,
 And left no cash to buy me food withal ;
 You was the only one I thought indeed,
 Who would oblige me in the time of need ;
 And I'll repay you as I am no knave,
 Said he, at present I no money have ;
 Nor would I lend, if I had heaps in store,
 So that's your answer, trouble me no more.
 If you your money spent, I'm not to blame,
 As you received my liquor for the same ;
 I did not get your money, sir, for nought,
 My liquors dear, and every drop I bought.
 Your liquors dear, indeed, good friend, said I,
 I've often drank of it when noways dry ;
 But, now I find which way your mind is bent,
 For all the money I have with you spent :
 I find tho' want should my existence end,
 You would not me one single shilling lend ;
 This lets me see how great a fool I've been,
 To spend my cash with fellows base and mean.
 But I no better usage can expect,
 When by such means I better things neglect ;
 I've been a fool, I own, and must confess,
 To bring myself by drink to such distress :
 But if I live, I fully am design'd,
 To leave off drinking, and be more inclin'd,
 To fair sobriety, and keep my cash,
 From being destroy'd by any common trash ;
 These words I said, then off in rage I ran,
 Ne'er so provok'd since I became a man ;
 Both skaith and scorn I found was now my lot,
 With dizzy pate, and purse not worth a groat ;
 I then resolv'd to be a sober man,
 And keep my cash, this was my honest plan ;
 But then as soon as I more money got
 I changed my mind, and took the other pot ;
 No mind I had of all my pinchings past,
 Miss whisky in my noddle ran so fast,

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And fill'd my mind with such a haughty air,
 Which drown'd my fear, and banish'd all despair ;
 The thoughts of want ne'er enter'd in my head,
 Nor did I think that I should money need,
 Till all was spent, and then I found too late,
 An empty purse, a sore and dizzy pate,
 My woes came on afresh, now did I find,
 An empty pocket, and a troubl'd mind ;
 My fellows too themselves they from me tore,
 And turn'd my foes who were my friends before,
 For being so mean they could not me endure ;
 They hated me because that I was poor.
 Time after time, I did the same repeat,
 Sometimes so drunk I could not use my feet,
 And then again, I would for this repent,
 Yet turn'd again the self same way I went,
 Just like a dog, who full, throws up his meat,
 Then turns and views it, and the same doth eat ;
 So was my case, I often thought indeed,
 That drink thro' time would craze and turn my head ;
 I was befotted and bewitched so,
 That oftentimes I knew not where to go,
 Nor what to do, nor what to speak or think,
 So great a sot I grew, thro' perfect drink ;
 But now with pain I see my follies past,
 My leisure moments such reflection cast,
 Upon my by past life, and makes me mourn,
 The loss of time that never will return.
 But since its so, that I spent time in vain,
 Let me beware ne'er to do so again ;
 For reason calls aloud I should be wise,
 And all my foolish, former ways despise ;
 What doth it serve a man to spend his wealth,
 On that which ruins and destroys his health ?
 For drunkards, as a famous Author says,
 Are oft cut down in middle of their days ;
 And while in life they live in hate and scorn,
 Better for them they never had been born.

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POEM. V.

 INGRATITUDE AND PRIDE.

NOW hoary winter crouds her naked store,
 Of frosts and snows while dreadful tempests roar;
 Forests divested of their sweets are seen,
 Stript of their leaves, which lovely were and green.
 Shiv'ring with cold, all creatures seek a shade,
 And wretchedness, to plenty, calls for aid;
 While cruel avarice racks the poor man's soul,
 Claims every good, and basely takes the whole.
 Looks on the poor contemptuous with a frown,
 And calls the fruits of nature all his own;
 He smiles at helpless poverty, and when,
 The destitute to him of wants complain.
 He shakes his head, then with a haughty tone,
 Charges with oaths, the beggar to begone.
 O haughty pride! O avarice severe,
 What base contempt against thy fellows here,
 Can cannibals, so fam'd for cruelty,
 Debar all pity, and with-hold supply;
 To their own fellows, who thro' want and need,
 Implore assistance, or a crumb of bread?
 God gives his blessings as a common loan,
 Fair nature's store is not for you alone.
 All creatures have a share, as well as you,
 Great princes live, and so must beggars too;
 Ye sons of plenty liberal from your store,
 Free grant your alms, and God will give you more.

POEM IV.

AGAINST A BLASPHEMER AND
ATHEIST.

O, WHAT are you, poor mortal breathing clod,
Who dare to speak profanely of thy God ;
To lift thy head on high, with haughty air,
And curse devotion, sacrament, and pray'r :
To speak contempt'ous of the King of Heaven ;
By whom to you all things are freely given :
That very tongue he gave you for his praise,
Him to blaspheme therewith you dare to raise ?

Contemptuous monster ! void of human sense,
What is your wages, what's your recompense,
To scoff and mock religion, and that God,
Who can destroy you at a single nod.
Where will you flee for shelter, where, O ! where ?
To earth, to hell, to seas, or open air ;
The world will spurn you, hell will you devour ;
No place can save you from th' Almighty pow'r.

Poor hardened wretch ! you wantonly blaspheme,
A God, while devils tremble at his name ;
You think perhaps, by mighty oaths to make,
Yourself seem awful, and make others quake :
But none need tremble when you curse and swear,
None but yourself, for you have cause to fear :
Fear what ? (say you) I have no fear nor dread,
No pain can be amongst the silent dead !

I am persuaded, and will still insist,
When death arrests me, I no more exist !
But nature calls aloud, a God there be ;
Omnipotent, in glorious majesty.
The First and Last, Beginning and the End,
In whom all things exist, in whom depend,
The source of all, exalted be his name !
Let heaven and earth, and all his praise proclaim.

You say at death your being is no more ;
 You'll be annihilated as you were before.
 It may be so, indeed, if you in jest,
 Can cast off manhood, and profess the beast ;
 A beast you are, a man you cannot be,
 If, after death, your no existence see.
 The savages themselves declare to thee,
 By Nature's instinct, that a God there be.
 A God there be, all Nature's works declare,
 He proves himself by wonders every where ;
 And what are you, poor mortal, what are you ?
 Who dare to say those reasonings are not true.
 The holy word, you say, is base and vain,
 Because the truth it holds, and doth contain,
 The path to Heav'n, and doth declare to you,
 What punishments for sinful vice is due.

POEM VII.

CONTEMPLATIVE THOUGHTS

WHAT is the source of human happiness?
 Or from what cause doth all our prospects spring?
 Is it from riches, or from luxury ?
 Or vain debauching vices, which some call
 Their greatest pleasure, and their paradise ;
 In which the sons of pride incessant roll
 Without remorse, and ne'er are satisfied
 With the enjoyment till their ruin come.
 Alas ! in these it is not to be found,
 Nor in the gilded palaces of kings,
 Where pomp, luxuriance, and flatt'ring titles dwell,
 And glaring splendour in its brightest bloom.
 The humble peasant, in his peaceful cot
 More happiness enjoys, more peace of mind,
 Than kings and princes, or the pompous great,
 Who swim in all the luxury of wealth,
 In full possession of what they vainly deem,
 The height of happiness, their sole desire.

When men give scope and loose to their desires,
 Enjoying what the wand'ring mind suggests ;
 Their sweetest pleasure leave behind a sting,
 And their contentment sinks in black remorse,
 Which gnaws the conscience, and distress the mind.
 Vices there are of various kinds, which men
 Still entertain, and nourish in their hearts,
 Diff'rent in their nature, as they please
 Those who possess them. But of all the rest,
 The miser in folly far exceeds them all,
 Who never can, nor will he be content,
 Gold is the object of his heart, his god,
 The darling of his soul, his sole delight,
 And his ambition is to gather more.
 To-day, he grapples in the midst of wealth,
 With heart uplifted ; but ere night's black shade
 Resumes her sable reign, ere moon, or stars,
 Appear to deck the clouds with pallid light,
 Twinkling from the arched vault of heav'n —
 The wretch to Nature pays his debt, and falls
 A lifeless lump of dust ; nor can his wealth
 Relieve him at the awful hour of death,
 Or make atonement for a life ill spent.
 No bribe death takes, he proves all riches vain,
 The miser's hope is now forever lost,
 His hope of worldly grandeur, foolish thought !
 What fawning prospects ! what delusive dreams,
 Betray the soul, and cloud the dark'ned mind !
 Man has a soul, a substance spiritual,
 Which better views should have than that of beasts,
 Who only can the grosser objects see ;
 Or that which rise in nature to their view.
 But souls of men can look beyond the grave,
 And view the wonders of the world unknown.
 Through faith and hope, it riseth up sublime,
 To higher regions, and contemplates
 On things obscure, and hid from mortal view :
 But when within the miser's mind such thoughts
 begin to rise, he nips them by the root,
 Lest to conviction they should spring and wend
 Him from his god, the mammon of his wealth.

Too oft, alas! our time neglected is,
 Or lost in vain pursuit of empty things,
 Things void of substance, glittering in our view,
 As a delusive bait, or cunning trap,
 Spread on the way, to catch th' unwary soul.
 How are we blinded by the empty shew
 Of worldly grandeur. How are we deceiv'd,
 In the pursuit of what must flee us still,
 And leave us when we think the prize our own;
 And often that which should concern us most,
 By us is quite neglected; that which ought
 To make us serious, how we spend our time.
 Our latter end, that dread important hour,
 We hold at distance: But our time runs on,
 Swift as our thoughts, which cannot be recall'd.
 As rivers from the sea first take their rise,
 From diff'rent sources, thro' the teeming earth,
 And bears their tide back to the sea again,
 So runs swift time, from its great boundless source,
 Back to eternity, from whence it sprung;
 Then all is lost in vast immensity,
 A long duration, which ne'er shall have an end!

What we enjoy on earth is vanity,
 Our life uncertain—death most certain be,
 And time gives place to vast eternity.
 Do not, O mortal man, of riches boast,
 Of strength, or beauty—all is vain at most,
 At death's dark hour, such temporal things is lost.
 They all will vanish, like the morning dew,
 Their lustre fades, when death appears in view,
 And earthly comforts flee, O man, from you.
 Vain univers place in gold their hope and trust:
 But can their gold redeem them from the dust?
 Or, can it purchase life? No, die they must.
 Can they, I say, their gold take with them?—No;
 Naked they came, and naked they must go;
 No use for gold in death's dark shades below.
 Some think on nothing, but on worldly gain,
 As if they were for ever to remain;
 And treat all thoughts of death as void and vain..

Some unregardless live, and even dare,
To mock at death, as if at distance far,
But come, not thought of, may their folly mar.

O! senseless folly, who presumes to brave,
Cold death's black current, and devouring wave,
And never think what lies beyond the grave.

A flow'r cut down, a plant, or mown hay,
By Sol's bright beams, soon wither and decay,
So all that's earthly fall and fade away.

Man, like a flow'r, this world like to a field,
Whereon he grows, but he to death must yield;
Nothing from death can any mortal shield.

Life is a gift we get from God above;
He is the Source; in Him we live and move:
'Tis by his order we from life remove.

View but the mansions of the silent tomb,
What numbers there ly hid, perceiv'd by none,
In death's dark cell, a melancholy home.

But tho' we die, we'll not for ay remain,
In mould'ring dust, we'll rise from dust again;
The wicked may, but th' just need not complain.

Thus all must sleep, low in their silent tombs,
Not to be wak'd, till the last trumpet sounds,
Then all shall hear; then all shall be awake:
No sleep, no slumber on that awful day;
That dreadful day, when our most secret faults,
Will be discover'd to the view of all;

And open laid to angels and to men:
That all may see, and all may understand,
The righteous judgments of the Source of all.

But dark as chaos, or the shades of night,
Are still those myst'ries to the human mind,
Nor will it ever be disclos'd to view,
Until that day shall dawn, and make appear,
Its great importance, and the end of all.

And what is life, while here? an empty dream;
Yet precious are its moments, if improv'd;
But if neglected, better ne'er exist,
Than feel the consequence of slighted time,
And fall a victim to impending ruin.

This world's grandeur, what doth it avail?
 What all the pomp of pow'r, the smiles of gain?
 And what the flatt'ring titles of the great?
 When death's dread moment comes and ends it all.

A DREAM.

WHEN black night had clothed herself in midnight darkness, and sleep had hush'd all nature into silent repose, I lay on my bed, as yet still awake. My mind was filled with the thoughts of the night: Long had I contemplated on the vanity of man, and the short duration of his fading day. All was dark around; all was melancholy and silent. Nothing I heard but the screeching of the owl, and the dismal sound of the nightly breeze.—At last I sank into the arms of repose, and a dream appeared to my view: I thought I was travelling alone, over a spacious plain, in an unknown path. The carpet of Nature, clothed in fragrant verdure, presented to my fancy a most delightful scene: The warblers of the grove, in lavish strains, sung their tuneful notes; and the tender lambs, skipping to and fro, appear'd to wear the face of pleasure. Ravished with so enchanting a scene, I thought I sat myself down by a crystal fountain, to consider the objects arising to my view.—But all on a sudden, a dark cloud overspread the horizon, and a dreadful tempest arose, which seem'd to rend the oaks of the wood. Fierce thunder rolled above my head; and forked lightning flew with rapid fury; while dismal howlings were heard afar off.—I hurried away from the frightful scene, and rushing through a thicket in the wood, I sheltered myself in the cavern of a rock. Dark and dismal it appear'd to me; but here I shelter'd from the furious blast. A solemn tread at last startled in my ear, as if at some farther distance in the cave. I listened, and the sound seemed to approach: A chillness thirled through my veins, and my heart within me was seized with a convulsive throbbing. A glimmering light fast approached; and a reverend Sage appeared to me. His hair and beard were white as snow; and his

furrowed cheeks bespoke his length of years. I gazed
 with wonder on the aged Sire, who first broke silence.
 — Why, (said he) is thy countenance obscured with a
 gloom, O thou son of mortal man! Though darkness at
 this time obstructs the light of meridian splendour, and
 overspreads the face of smiling day; yet the time will
 come, (perhaps at no great distance) when all those
 glooms must vanish, and hide their heads in the dark
 shades of night. Be not lifted up with joy, when nature
 smiles, nor filled with grief when she frowns. All earth-
 ly things are subject to decay; and there is no perfec-
 tion on this side of time. Why is man lifted up in va-
 nity? why is his life lost in folly? Thy mortal existence
 is short and uncertain; but a life immortal awaiteth on
 thee. Let virtue be thy choice companion, and the
 ways of wisdom thy constant path; for great is the re-
 ward prepared for the just, and happy is the place of
 their eternal abode. Nothing in this world can give
 you an idea of that state, or paint the pleasures of the
 world to come. None but the wicked will have cause
 to mourn; the pain that awaits them no mortal can de-
 scribe. Be not of those; O my son, who mocketh and
 despiseth the ways of the just: Honour those who ho-
 nour Religion. Be that thy steady path; for man, a-
 bove all things, ought to be cautious how in this world
 he spends his time: Beasts may gratify their natural
 senses; for that is all they ever can enjoy. When
 dead these creatures are no more; they fall into non-
 existence, and are hid for ever in the shades of obscu-
 rity; but man, the nobler part of the creation, has
 an immortal state to prepare for, and a life eternal in
 the world to come. The human frame may be consi-
 dered as a beautiful tower of noble architecture, curiously
 built, and finely ornamented; but death comes with
 desolating breaches, at a time he does not expect, and
 in an instant, with his dreadful artillery, besieges, and
 lays the structure level with the ground. The wall of
 his strong tower is broken down, and the active
 inhabitant fled; his foundation trembles, and all
 his godly chambers are brought low! No more his
 windows admit the light of the sun; they are closed in
 darkness; hid in obscurity; and clothed with the sha-

dew of death. No more is heard in his splendid hall, the sound of gaiety and mirth; the organs of his lungs strain no more in harmonious lays; his mouldering wall is crumbled down to dust, and his memory lost in the land of forgetfulness. How may this be applied to thee, O thou son of mortality! Be not proud of your strength, O ye sons of the mighty; nor boast of times to come, ye children of the proud! For death will come upon you, like a mighty water, or a rushing torrent, from the mountain of rocks, and sweep away your most lively hopes. Who will be able to withstand the surge of this devouring tide, which will overturn the face of nature, and sweep away all in its wreck. O then of what avail will be the strength of the mighty, or the terrible countenance of the man of war: The lofty looks of the proud will be then humbled, and the haughty boaster will be seen no more. The mouth of the mocker shall be closed in death; no longer will he hold the poor in derision. Think of this, O thou clod of clay! After pronouncing these words, the venerable sire bowed his head, and suddenly withdrew. Sleep fled from my eyelids, and I awoke.

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POEM VIII.

THE CANTEEN.

NOW boxes full the landlord skips,
And by the neck the bottle grips;
Fills up the stoup, while each brave fellow,
Begins to grow both crouse and mellow.
The raging fume flies to the head;
Till they no fear nor danger dread,
Toss up their glass, and then they boast,
Who shall of whisky drink the most;
Till they in bumpers drown their sorrow,
No thought have they of want to-morrow,
They rage and swear, they sing and roar;
Drink off their glass, and call for more.

The landlord hears, away doth run,
 No sooner said, than it is done :
 A bumper comes, the landlord sees,
 In every face the gathering breeze.
 The brave effects of his good liquor ;
 He loves to see them toom their bicker.
 From box to box now see him tread,
 Rubbing his elbows, he's so glad ;
 Now, by their eagerness in drinking,
 He sees them stupid, blind, and winking.
 This is the time, thinks he, for me,
 To gather in some *extra* fee.
 For by their drinking, and their clatter,
 They ken not whisky now frae water ;
 Away he goes with courteous shew,
 And makes one gill, with water—two ;
 This done, he comes with sober face,
 That he their mirth may better grace ;
 Takes up a glass, says, “ Lads, here's-t'-ye,
 “ I wish it meikle good may do ye ; ”
 Syne at ilk joke, he gi'es a sneer,
 And laughs to make their story queer:
 Come, come, cries one, renew the dose ;
 Yes, sir, says he, and off he goes,
 Brings ben his whisky nicely mix'd,
 And thinks he has them finely fix'd.
 And so he has ; for ilka noddle,
 Sae stupid is, don't care a bodle,
 Whether it be whisky, ale, or water ;
 But roar, and drink, and had the clatter,
 Till they at ither throw their dose,
 Their words rise high, syne fa' to blows.
 Smash go the glasses, down they fa',
 Ilk ane his neighbour's noddle claw,
 Sae hard, that frae the mouth and snout,
 The blood in spoonfu's gushes out,
 Down tumbles he, lies gasping, bleeding,
 Others are drinking, nowise heeding ;
 Till one more drunker than the rest,
 Seems at their soberness distress'd,
 Looks-vex'd, and syne flees into anger,
 He cannot sit wi' rage na langer ;

Jumps up as furious as a cat,
 But kens na what he's anger'd at.
 Sac fa's a quarr'ling wi' anither,
 For some pretended word or ither,
 He heard him say, tho' it's some notion,
 In his own brain, by whisky's motion :
 Then head o'er heels, the whole begin,
 Till blood and whisky mixed rin,
 Alang ilk seat, and down ilk table,
 While each is thumpin' what he's able.
 Glasses and tankards flee like drift,
 The force o' whilk no man can shift,
 So dreadful is the conflagration,
 The landlord stands in consternation,
 And sees them, but with greatest care,
 He gathers up the broken ware :
 Syne, when theyr'e ended wi' their fray,
 A double reck'ning gars them pay.
 This is thy vile effects, O whisky,
 You toom their pouch, but mak them frisky ;
 You raise a fire within the breast,
 And maks a man war than a beast.

POEM IX.

AN ADDRESS

TO SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN.

SHAME fa' thy face, John Barleycorn,
 Ilk honest man thy name shou'd scorn,
 Thou peace frae families aft ha'e torn,
 Wi' your daft pranks,
 An' laid hale parishes forlorn,
 Sae that's their thanks.
 But tho' I be baith poor an' silly,
 I'll len' my hand wi' right guid willie,
 To burn or brak ilk black distillie,
 Whilk harbours you,
 An' thraw your banes, my honest billy,
 Afore a fow.

But then, alack ! ye've sic a fet,
 Wha cuddles you, an' keeps ye het,
 An' tho' ye aft rin them in debt,
 An' gars them ban ye,
 Yet they I'm sure wad tak the pet,
 For me misca'in ye.

But I may thank your whisky stoup,
 For gasrin' me tak sic a loup,
 An' wi' white plaidin' hap my doup,
 Like Luckie's toy,
 An' made me for sic plaidin' coup,
 Good Corduroy.

My ha'eing sic a love for you,
 Alake ! whilk maks me what I'm now,
 An' chang'd my drefs frae green an' blue,
 An' like a sot,
 Pat on my back, for sic good ware,
 A coarfe red coat.

Now I maun grumble an' mak mane,
 For ga'n fae mony miles frae hame ;
 Yet I'm right glad I'm no my lane,
 For to be free,
 Mony a lad the road has ta'en,
 As weel as me.

When ance a man that gait maun gae,
 Tho' he be forc'd to face his fae,
 He disna care how mony gae,
 Shou'd join the core,
 Tho' he shou'd ly by fate some day,
 Amang his gore.

O, ye betwitching Barleycorn,
 Ye've aften made me toom the horn,
 Wi' meikle glee, baith night an' morn,
 An' meikle cash,
 Ha'e I destroy'd, an' purse forlorn,
 Wi' thy vile trash.

Some fowk may say, What gar'd him list ?
 He by his wark might weel substist ;
 But then, poor chiel, he never wist,
 Till aff his watch,

The gadgers, wi' a greedy fist,
Did soon him catch.

To answer that I'll do my best,
Before I frae this rhyming rest,
An' for its truth I can attest,
Though somewhat husky,
I'll tell the plain way, as the best—
So it was whisky.

Now a' ye kintry clowns tak care,
O' Barleycorn's enchanting snare,
Lest ye, like me, thou'd some day fare,
O'er sense to stumble,
Bearing Mar's black killing ware,
An' darna grumble.

FINIS.

